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We Loan 90 Per Cent of Face Value of Liberty Bonds at the Rate of 5 Per Cent Per Annum

Out-of-town customers may send their Bonds to us and we will remit them promptly, or they may attach their Bonds to their draft drawn upon us at \$93.00 per \$100, and we will remit balance due them by return mail.

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Sam-Pan Tea

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Telephone Conditions

While the property has been properly maintained, it is not the same property which the government took over on August 1, 1918. It is not as adequate for its job or as well manned as it was. That it is not is in no way the fault of Federal control, which was eminently fair. It is due to causes for which neither the government nor the companies are to blame.

A year ago today we were at war. Labor and materials needed for both telephone operation and construction were turned to military uses. Some materials were so vital to the carrying on of the war that even the work of providing telephone facilities for the government was retarded, and no part of them could be spared for commercial telephone purposes.

No less vital was the government need for those skilled to create, maintain and operate the vast intercommunication systems necessary in modern warfare and in the conduct of the vastly increased government services.

Thousands of telephone men were already at the battle front. Thousands more were under arms, and still telephone experts and skilled operators went into the service of the government and contributory industries by the tens of thousands.

The reserves of plant and equipment were drawn upon until they were entirely used up, and the experienced staff was gradually depleted. To find others to take the places of those who had gone was difficult. To train them takes time.

During the year came victory and the armistice; and instantly the business world sprang into intense activity. The demands for telephone service passed all former records.

To replace the exhausted reserves which had been carried for just such purposes and to replace the skilled forces to meet this unprecedented emergency there began a rush for construction, for readjustment, for high pressure repairs, for feverish extensions. All these must be continued with increasing effort.

The return of the property comes in the very midst of this race between an overpowering demand and an upbuilding of a system whose growth was held back and whose forces were scattered by the vital needs of war.

Much progress has been made in the upbuilding of this system, but far more is still required to meet the swift growth of business; and also to give "first aid" to every other business and every other service struggling against an unprecedented demand.

The prosperity which creates this emergency in service creates also a scarcity of those desiring employment in the service.

Under such conditions telephone service generally has not been and could not be up to the pre-war standard. It is beyond human power to immediately overcome the handicap which the situation imposes.

There are no people in any public or private endeavor who are working more tirelessly or strenuously for the common good than those of the telephone companies. Service has always been given; more of it must be given and it must be improved. That improvement in some cases will take months. Eventually service must win the race with demand.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

(Incorporated)



"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1918.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Like aimless drifters in a boat that has neither rudder nor compass, we started on that tour of investigation. We planned to loiter along, stopping as we would, looking for a pleasant toll in which to plant ourselves. But we made not the slightest effort to map our course.

And then suddenly, across that idle way, there rumbled a little stick of chance, an incident so trivial and insignificant we scarcely noticed it. In a moment it had broken the waters and our boat was all but wrecked by the unexpected win. Bill Porter nearly lost his life for a smile.

The captain of the Helepa was at our service. We stopped at Buenos Aires and rode out through the pampas country on the Salta river. For a while we thought of buying a range there. But it was such a miniature land, cowpunching was no more stirring than riding a hobby horse. The long-haired ponies were little bigger than sheep and the cattle were good only for their tallow. It seemed like a make-believe.

On Vain Hunt for Big Game.

Peru was no more alluring. We were looking for big game. And the mighty pastime of this realm was the shooting of the Asiatic rite that stampeded the wharves.

For no particular reason, two of us being acknowledged fugitives and a third a somewhat mysterious soldier of fortune, we stopped off at Mexico City. We knew Porter well. He had told him the main facts of my life. He did not return the confidence and

we did not ask it. Neither Frank nor I placed him in our own class. He was secretive, but we did not attribute the trait to any sinister cause. With the romance of the cowpuncher I figured that this fine, companionable fellow was troubled with an unhappy love affair.

We had loitered idly, deliberately dodging issues. At the Hotel de Republica fate turned the little trick that compelled us to change our course.

I was sitting in the lobby waiting for Frank and Porter. Something like a clutch on my arm struck through my listlessness and was a breath-taking moment. I felt a presence near. I feared to look up. Then a electric hand reached down to me. Jumbo Rector, idol of cadet days in Virginia, had picked me to my feet.

Meets College Pal.

Rector was six feet six. I reached a bit above his elbow. He had been the long and the short of it in every devilment pulled in college. If there was one man on the earth I was glad to see at that moment was this buoyant, healthy-hearted Samson.

Rector had built the Jefferson railroad. He had a palace of white stone and he brought us bag and baggage to his hacienda. That night I told him the things that had happened in the sixteen years since we parted.

"Who is this friend of yours, this Bill?" he asked me later. "Are you sure of him? He looks to me like a detective."

"I don't like your friend Rector," Porter confided the same night. "He has a most unpleasant way of scrutinizing one."

Not many days later both Porter and I had proof of Rector's worth. The antipathy between the two was but superficial. There was to be a grand ball at the hotel. All the notables, Porfirio Diaz, the cabinet, the senators and the dons were to be present. Rector had us all invited.

We went through preparations as elaborate as a debutante's. Rector loaned us his tailor, and the three of us were outfitted in faultless evening attire. As we were dressing I slipped on the shoulder scabbard. Frank and Rector ridiculed me.

Let him wear his side arms," Porter jibed. "There should be one gentleman in the party."

"Four Million" Saved.

"I guarantee you won't need them tonight," Rector promised.

I took them off, but reluctantly. I came back later, and the three of us were shot into my trousers belt. That precaution saved the "Four Million" and all her treasured successors for America.

Porter looked a prince that night. Always fastidious about his person, the full dress enhanced his air of distinction. He was a figure to arrest attention in any gathering.

And he was in one of his most inconsequent, blustering moods. He stood against the column commenting on the dress of the dons and the Americans. The Spaniards, in their silk stockings and the gay-colored sashes about their sleek-fitting suits, seemed to Porter to harmonize with the beauty and the music of the scene.

These people have poetry in their make-up," he said. "That interesting spectacle they make."

As if to illustrate his words, the youngest couple on the floor swung past. If ever there was a flawless job, it was out by God it was that Spanish don's figure behind the charm in his manner, the grace in his walk. He was slimy made, quick and elegant. He had a face of chiseled perfection.

"Hit" by Dancer's Charm.

The don's partner was a girl of most extraordinary beauty—blissful, compelling. Her red hair, her magnificent blue eyes and her pearl-white skin stood out, among so many faces, as something touched with an unnatural radiance. She wore a lavender gown. She had a color and the witchery of a living opal.

turned to call Bill's attention. The girl had noticed me. As she passed she gave the faintest tone of her head and a smile that was more in the tail of her eye than in her face. With the deference due to a queen, Porter smiled and made a courtly bow. The don stiffened, but the music of his hand some face twitched. He knew that the incident was not closed.

"Bill, you're making a mistake. You're breeding trouble among these people," I told him. I feel that that would even the occasion. The imperturbable hushed tone gave no indication of the reckless devilment of his mood. Porter was as full of whims as a child of most.

Don Resents Stranger's Bow.

"Sir, I see that you are a stranger here," a voice that was mellow as thick cream addressed us. It was the don. His smile would have been a charm to any man but Bill Porter. "You are not accustomed to our ways. I regret that I have not the honor of your acquaintance. Had I that honor I should be glad to introduce you to the senators. Since I can not do this, I beg you to direct your attentions to my affianced."

The English was perfect. The don bowed and walked leisurely off. His flow of gentility won me. I could not help comparing him to the money-grabbing, flat-footed bores that decorated an American ballroom. The Castilian seemed to me a creature of perfect grace.

The grand march passed again. I do not know what devilment possessed the girl. It seemed to run like an electric current from her head to her feet. She stepped toward him and dropped her mantilla—so lightly, so deftly, that it did not even arrest the attention of the don.

Mortal Breach Is Committed.

Porter dropped down, picked it up, held it a moment, and then passed behind the couple. He flashed a glance of joyous chivalry at the senator, bowed and handed the lace directly to her.

"Senator, you dropped this, did you not?" he said. She took it and smiled. "Never was Bill Porter more magnificent than that night."

"Now you've played hell," I said. He had committed a mortal breach, and he knew it. Spanish etiquette demanded that the presentation be made to the don, who would thank him for the senatoria.

Resentment and an unbearable irritation against all of them bit into me. I felt as though I were in the "Black Maria" on the way to the scaffold. An oppressive hush weighed like a suffocating box upon us.

The carriage swung through a narrow lane of palms. The trees looked like upraised black swords. The momentous clatter of the hoof beats was the only sound. The silence seemed a reproach to me.

"Dammed ingratitude!" I hissed out the words more to myself than to them. Porter stirred and looked toward me. His hand went out and caught mine. I felt immediately at peace. No word could have filled me with the satisfaction of that warm, expressive clasp.

For miles we rode silently, slowly. Not a comment, not a word, not a look. The big misfortune of his life seemed all to have come upon him with as little invitation. The law of cause and effect in his case worked in an inscrutable fashion.

In a mood of unwanted levity he had answered the challenge in a smile. I felt as though I were in the "Black Maria" on the way to the scaffold. And for that pleasantness he is crushed down with this overwhelming disaster.

The big misfortune of his life seemed all to have come upon him with as little invitation. The law of cause and effect in his case worked in an inscrutable fashion.

When Porter put out his hand to me the tragedy was over as far as I was concerned. To him it was always a hideous memory.

Once he alluded to it. We were sitting together in the warden's office in the Ohio penitentiary. "was the most terrible in my life." I could not understand. That the don should die if Porter were to live seemed clearly inevitable.

"Why?" I asked.

"Colonel, I was as guilty as a murderer," he said.

"You're not sorry if it was the don who went down?" His visage stung me.

"I've always regretted it," he answered.

Beef—It's Cheap Food

Compared with prewar price levels, beef is one of the cheapest of essential foods today. Other foods have advanced to much higher points—and remained there.

A survey conducted by the Health Commissioner of Chicago showed the following price increases for the current year over 1913-14:

Flour	210%
Sugar	115%
Milk	87%
Round Steak	86%
Eggs	80%
Sirloin Steak	61%

Beef is one of the best values in the food line and there is plenty of it.

The need for conservation for military purposes is past.

BUY BEEF—It's Good Food — It's Cheap

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Corn Belt Meat Producers' Association of Iowa
Kansas Live Stock Association
Southern Cattlemen's Association
Panhandle and Southwestern Stockmen's Association
Nebraska Stock Growers' Association
Missouri Live Stock Feeders' Association
Illinois Live Stock Association

Indiana Cattle Feeders' Association
West Virginia Live Stock Association
Wyoming Stock Growers' Association
Montana Stock Growers' Association
California Cattlemen's Association
Colorado Live Stock Association
Idaho Cattle Growers' Association
Arizona Cattle Growers' Association
New Mexico Cattle Growers' Association
Cattle Raisers' Association of Oregon

Republished by the American Meat Packers' Association

"I've played everything else," he answered undisturbed. The incident had passed. It was at least 10 minutes later. Neither of us saw the don coming until he stood like a tiger before Porter. With a sweep that was like lightning, he brought his open hand down in a ringing blow full across Porter's face.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The blow was so sudden, so full of swift animal fury, it knocked Porter back. He staggered, his head struck the column, brushing his hand in scornful contempt. The bystanders stood against the stinging humiliation of the patrician stranger.

I was but the breath of an instant. Porter leaped up, his broad shoulders hunched forward, his face crimson with rage. On his cheek, four livid welts stood out, among so many faces, as something touched with an unnatural radiance. She wore a lavender gown. She had a color and the witchery of a living opal.

It was Bill's life or the don's. I pulled out my forty-five and fired for him. The don fell, Porter stood back, brushing his hand in scornful contempt. The bystanders stood against the stinging humiliation of the patrician stranger.

Shot Booms Like Blast.

The bang went like dynamite through the ballroom. The don fell, Porter stood back, brushing his hand in scornful contempt. The bystanders stood against the stinging humiliation of the patrician stranger.

Out from the corridors two men dashed the crowd aside, charging upon us. Rector swept me into his gigantic arms as though I were a kitten. Frank caught Porter and pushed him from the room.

Rector's carriage stood waiting. We were hustled into it. The most magnificent ride of my life began. Not a word was said. Porter sat like a man stricken. Frank slumped down in one corner, sullen with anger, recoiling from me as though I had said the vilest thing. I looked at him as a torment. I felt their tense nervousness, but I felt unjustified.

I had not killed deliberately. I had acted only to save Bill. The death of the don did not trouble me. Porter's quiet stung like a whip bite. I wanted someone to tell me I had done the right thing.

Resentment and an unbearable irritation against all of them bit into me. I felt as though I were in the "Black Maria" on the way to the scaffold. An oppressive hush weighed like a suffocating box upon us.

The carriage swung through a narrow lane of palms. The trees looked like upraised black swords. The momentous clatter of the hoof beats was the only sound. The silence seemed a reproach to me.

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"Colonel, I was as guilty as a murderer," he said.

"You're not sorry if it was the don who went down?" His visage stung me.

"I've always regretted it," he answered.

His regret was not for the don's death so much as for the failure of his own hand. He would have welcomed death to the humiliating humiliation of prison life.

Down toward the peninsula, all of us might have escaped the shadows of unhappy pasts. We were hurried out and none of us wished to leave. Down toward the peninsula, all of us might have escaped the shadows of unhappy pasts. We were hurried out and none of us wished to leave.

Things grew there almost spontaneously. We had looked it over. It was to have been our home. Things grew there almost spontaneously. We had looked it over. It was to have been our home.

We never dreamed that prison waited for us as it did for us. We never thought that this born aristocrat would one day be compelled to eat at a "hog trough" with thieves and murderers and to bend his pride to the ignorant scowl of a convict guard. Porter, I think, knew that the die was cast for him when we left Mexico.

Future Wrecked by Smile.

If we could have planted ourselves in that miraculous valley he might have escaped the forbidding future awaiting him. He could have sent for his daughter. He would have avoided the shame of that striped suit—the shame that wore into his heart and broke his life up in wreckage.

But he smiled lightly at the don's senatoria and consequences hurried him back to face the issues he had dodged. It is easy now to understand the look of right horror of his face as we got down at Rector's home.

Jumbo poured whisky for us and tried to lighten our mood. Porter was so ungrateful that when the coachman knocked to tell us the team was ready only to be teased and seemed about to collapse.

"Don't worry," Rector said as he shook hands. "Everything will be all right. You can trust this driver. I'm going back to the hotel. I will tell the officers you are at my home. It will be your fair start."

We went to a little way station on the Tampico road, waiting a tramp steamer at Mazatlan and finally arrived at San Diego, striking out on a flying trip to San Francisco. We never got there.

(To Be Continued.)

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A WAR-TIME ILL THAT'S SPREADING HUNT'S SALVE CURES IT!

BRED in the war trenches of Europe, a wave of ordinary ITCH is spreading over the country. This skin disease, history shows, has always prevailed, following wars and the concentration of armies. It was common during the Civil War and following that conflict. There was an epidemic of the itch after the Spanish-American War. Now history is repeating itself after the great European struggle.

Returned soldiers and those with whom they come in contact will find a recognized remedy for the itch is Hunt's Salve, commonly known as "Hunt's Itch Cure." Many a veteran of the late '90's will testify to its merit. If directions are followed HUNT'S SALVE will prove a never failing cure for all forms of the itch, and your druggist will tell you so. He sells HUNT'S SALVE under a strict guarantee to refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied user.

A Medford, Oklahoma man, among thousands who praise HUNT'S SALVE, says: "Some people dislike the call it the itch, but candor compels me to admit I had it badly. Your Hunt's Salve, however, cured me after many other remedies had totally failed. One box completed the cure—the first application afforded wonderful relief. My advice to those who have to scratch, is to use Hunt's Salve."

Hunt's Salve is especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter and other itching skin diseases and is sold on our guarantee by all reliable drug stores, or it will be sent direct by mail if your local druggist cannot supply. Price 15c per box.

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